TAILORS TRAVELS,

from LONDON,

TO THE

ISLE of WIGHT:

With his Returne, and occasion of his Iourney.

THE occasion why I undertooke this Insulary Journey or Voyage from one Island to another, was for three Respects: First, I had a great importunate desire to see my Gracious Soveraigne afflicted Lord and Master: Secondly, I travelled with an intent to get some Silver in this Iron Age, (for pleasure and profit should be the reward of honest and harmelesse paines taking.) Before I began this high and mighty perambulation, I did put forth many Bills to divers and sundry friends, to pay me some small sums of that pretious thing called Money, at my returne; the purport, purpose, pretence, signification, meaning, or marrow-bone of the Bill, were these following words.

6

When John Taylor hath beene from London to the Isle of Wight, and returned againe, and that at his returne, he doe give or cause to be given to me, a Booke or Pamphlet of true newes and relations of Passages at the Island, and to and fro in his Journey; I doe promise to give to him or his assignes, the summe of what I please in Lawfull money of England, provided that the sayd summe be not under 6 pence.

NOW at my returne, if all my Customers doe pay me according to the Bill then am I exceedingly deceived; but if none of them doe pay me, then I am meerely couzened; and now begins the Story.

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8

THis Pamphlet is not stuft with Triviall Bables,
Or vaine prodigious undisgested fables:
This is no Mercury (with scoffs, and jeeres)
To raise debate, and set us by the eares,
As if poore England had not yet endur'd
Sufficient plagues, but she must be assur'd,
By New, New, Newes, of New frights, and new foes,
And future mischiefes worse then present woes:
I bring no tidings of such consequence,
To breed Feares, Jealousies, or give offence.
Nor am I fraught with wonders, wounds, and scarres,
Or any thing relating to the Warres:
It is so writ that no man can accuse
Me of detraction, scandall, or abuse;
My lines are all from feare and horror free,
And here and there as true as true may be:
Yea much more true, I may be bound to sweare
Then [illegible]y Bookes have beene this twice foure yeare,
Or any Mercury writ heretofore,
Or old Currantoes, in the daies of Yore.
Then stroke your beards, or wipe your mouthes (at least,)
And read, and heare what I have here exprest.

THe next succeeding month unto September,
October was this yeare, (as I remember)
Without the charge of Proxey or Atturney,
My selfe in proper Person tooke this journey:
Two Gentlewomen (by two Maides attended)
Accompanied me till my travells ended.
We tooke one Coach, two Coach-men, and foure horses;
And merrily from London made our courses:
We wheel'd the top of th'heavy hill, call'd Holborne,
(Up which hath been full many a sinfull soule borne)

I set forth on Thursday the 19. of Octob. We hired the Southamton coach which comes weekly to the Rose neer Holborn Bridge.

And so along we jolted past Saint Giles's,
Which place from Brainford, *six (or neere) seven miles is.*
To Staines *that night at five a clock we coasted,*
Where (at the * *Bush) we had bak'd, boyl'd, and roasted.*
Bright Sols illustrious Rayes, the day adorning,
We past Bagshot *and* Bawwaw, *Friday morning;*
That night we lodg'd at the White Hart *at* Alton,
And had good meate, a table with a salt on:
Next morne w' arose, with blushing cheek'd † Aurora;
The wayes were faire but not so faire as Flora:
For * Flora *was a Goddesse, and a woman,*
And (like the high wayes) was to all men Common:
Our Horses, with the Coach, which we went into,
Did hurry us amaine through thick and thine to
With fiery speede, the foaming bits they champt on,
And brought us to the Dolphin *at* Southampton.
There found I friendship more then I expected
Or did deserve, so much to be respected:
The Gentlewomen both their husbands met there,
The Moone *was mounted, and the* Sun *was set there;*
And after two houres time, or some such matter
We turn'd our Coach t' a boat, and swam by water;
My entertainement was good Wine and welcome,
The cups most kindly unto me pell mell come;
Southamptons Governour, much love did show me,
He was my old acquaintance, and did know me:
He gave me's passe, to passe me to the Island
And I tooke boate, and left him on the dry Land;
It was as bright a moone shine night, I say,
As ever man saw in a Summers day:
Thus with a fore winde, and faire Cinthia's light,
In foure houres time we came to the Isle of Wight:
We past Cowes Castle, *and into the Towne went,*
Where some short time we wandring up and downe went;
Thus being favour'd by men, windes and weathers,
At Cowes *I landed, and lodg'd at the Feathers:*

* The signe of the Bush.

† The dawning.

* *Flora* was a beautifull Courtezan in Rome, who gat great treasure by the prostitution of her body, which Wealth she gave to the Common Treasury, for which they did esteeme her a Goddes, and the Goddes of Flowers, and built a Temple to her.

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The Isle of Wight contain'd a Wight of Waight then,
And on that Wight of Waight; I came to wait then.
Long live he blest internall, and eternall:
And blest be England *in his love paternall,*
To guide and guard him, grace and power supernall,
Defend him from all trecherous traps infernall:
In imitation of him let us learne all
To live so here that we may live eternall:
And thou, whose mercy nere can be exhausted,
In thy compassion thinke on England *wasted:*
The sword of wrath that's drawne is justly thine,
The Sinnes that made thee draw it forth are mine:
Jonas the storme did to himselfe apply;
Let each say so now, each man say this I.
And now my story briefely I le compose,
From harsh hard rugged rime, to smooth fac'd prose.

And thus have I truly, and merrily told the passages and Relations, how I came to the Royall captiving Isle of *Wight*. Now it followes requisitely, that I certifie you of some Occurrences, and accidents there. It is to be noted, that the Gentlemen with their wives, having such faire, and speedy passage from *Southampton* to the Island, that at the Towne called *Cowes* they had two horses, which they left with their maides with me till the morning, for me to bring by land to *Newport* where His Majesty was: they with their wives tooke a small Boat, about midnight, having the tide with them to carry them that Saturday night (or neere Sunday) 3 miles up by water to *Newport*: so they left me.

All the fagge end of the Saturday night, and part of Sunday morning, I had the happinesse to be *John among st the Maides*, for we honestly lay in 2 beds in one chamber, but I would have no man so mad to imagine that we lay all three both together.

Sunday the 22. of *October* we arose with the *Sun*, betweene the houres of the careles number of 6 and 7 (he is careless

careleſſe that ſets all at 6 and 7) we quickly made our ſelves as fine as could be, in hope to ſee fine folkes, and fine things at Court, and ſo we mounted our Pälfreys: (the Hoſtler of the Princes Armes at *Cowes*, being hired to be our Guide) who did ride before one Maid, and my ſelfe before the other, and ſo (by conſequence) both the Maides were behinde us.

The Hoſtler that ſhould have guided me, guided himſelfe, Riding before me, and leaving me behinde him ſometimes a flight ſhoot or two; for he had many advantages of me; firſt he had the ſtronger horſe, ſecondly he had the lighter carriage (for the Maide behinde him was like *Lent*, light, leane, and lank) but my Female Male was like *Shrove-Tueſday*, fat, fair, plump, well fed, and weighty; thirdly he had two ſpurres, and a ſwitch, of all which neceſſaries I was deſtitute, and without ſwitch or ſpurre my horſe would not goe.

And now a dirty tale I meane to tell:
Ile ſhew you what befell, and how I fell.

My ungodly Guide being much before me, within a mile of *Newport*, I came to a boggy-quagmire miry, rotten, filthy, dirty, *ſlow*, through, over, or into which I muſt paſſe; I not knowing the way, called alowd to the Guide to come back to direct me, which he did; but I having no ſwitch or ſpurre (for correction) the horſe would obey no direction; ſo that at laſt the Guide ſaid there was no danger, but that I might ride through it any where.

Then I with kicking ſet my heeles to horſe,
Advent'ring to ride through it force perforce:
My Guides miſguiding made me much the bolder
The horſe fell in, quite plung'd up to the ſhoulder.
I forward fell, and backward fell the Maid,
Man, Maide, and horſe in curious pickle laid,
And never Eare did heare, or Eye did ſee
Such a pair-Royall faire Triplicity.

The danger past, we each on other gaping;
Not angry, or well pleas'd, we fell to scraping:
Sometimes we fretted, and our lips did bite,
And sometimes (at our selves) we laught out right.
I scrapt my selfe: the Maide, the Hostler dreft.
The Horse *looks on, uncurried like a beast.*
Thus we to Newport *came in gay attire,*
Embrodred over all with dirt and mire:
And thus from Cowes *we tumbled in the flowes,*
Man, Maide, and horse, moil'd like three beastly sowes:
'Twas my base guide that put me in this trim,
For which abuse I'le have a bout with him:
The Divell *misleades us all, we plainely see,*
And that same stinking Hostler mist me.

For which:

First in a Knaves skinne I will wrap him hot,
Which he shall alwaies weare until it rot:
My prayer for him shall be this execration,
Let him be nasty in his occupation:
Oh let his provender be ever musty,
His hay be most distastfull, foule, and dusty:
His Pease, and Beanes, and Oates most odious fusty,
And's curry combe (for want of use) be rusty:
Thus musty, dusty, fusty, rusty, crusty,
Shall plague the Knave that was to me untrusty.
In Urine, and Beasts Ordure let him toile:
Soile be his trade, yet nere be Lord oth' soile.
Let boot haling be most part of his living:
Let Guests be sparing to him in their giving:
Under his Rack *let him in tortures lye,*
And (in his Manger) let him stinke and dye:
And let the preaching Cobler at Blackwall
Be 3 houres prating at his funerall:
Let him be grav'd in his owne Element:
Let litter, and horse dung be his monument.

But leaving riff raff rime, I le turne my ſtile,
To ſome more ſerious buſineſſe in the Iſle.
Thus having overpaſt this foule diſaſter,
I went to ſee my ſuffring Soveraigne Maſter:
Which ſight to me was all my Earthly bliſſe,
He gave me ſtraight his Royall hand to kiſſe,
Which grac'd me much in all the publique ſights
Of Commons, Gentles, and brave Lords and Knights.

His Majeſty, with an Heroick and unconquered patience, conquers his unmatchable afflictions, and with Chriſtian conſtancy, expects a happy deliverance out of all his troubles. His greateſt griefe is the calamity of his people, and Kingdomes, and His chiefeſt endeavours (on earth) is to ſettle them in Peace and happineſſe; for which end he is twice every day (with his meniall ſervants) upon his knees, in publique prayers to his God, beſides his frequent, and pious cogitations, and ejaculations; and it is not to be doubted but the prayers, and humble Petitions of His Majeſty (with thoſe of His loyall Subjects) do aſcend to the Throne of Grace, from whence (by the Almightyes mercy) ſtrong and firme faith aſſures him of Peace, pardon, and the fruition of future happineſſe.

And for infallible Teſtimonies againſt all Ignorant, malicious, detracting, miſ-believing Heretiques, Schiſmatiques, and Sectaries to aſſure thoſe Buzards of incredulity, that the Gracious, favourable, and preſerving hand of God is with His Majeſty, whereby he hath been a bleſſed inſtrument, (not onely in his former curing the griefe, or diſeaſe called the Evill) but ſince he came into this Iſland, He hath cured many, of whom ſo cured, there are 6 or 7 moſt remarkable, which I will relate as followeth.

1. At a Towne called *Winburne*, (or *Wimborne*) in *Dorcetſhire*, there dwels an * Ancient woman, the Wife to a Clothier (whoſe name I could not know by enquiry;) this Woman had a long time been ſo lame that ſhe could not goe, and

* For teſtimony of the truth of this, there is one *John Newbery*, a Clothworker, who dwels in Newport in the ſtreete called Caſtle Hold, this man did come over the water with her, and did ſee her lame, and cured.

and she hearing that the King was lodg'd in *Carisbrook* Castle in the Isle of *Wight*, she was perswaded in her minde that His Majesty could cure her, in which beliefe she made towards the Island, and with horse or Cart, or both, or otherwaies, she was brought to Hurst Castle in *Hampshire* by land, from whence she was carried into a Boat in mens armes, which Boat brought her to *Newport*, from whence she was carried a mile to *Carisbrook*, where His Majesty did touch her, and her lamenesse ceased in three dayes space, so that with thankes to God, and prayers for the King, she departed from the Island, and went home 20. miles on foot. This was before the Treaty began, much about the midst of August last.

2. Mistresse *Elizabeth Steevens* of *Durley* in *Hampshire*, came from her home to *Winchester*, and from thence to the Island to His Majesty to be cured of the evill, whereof she had been blinde of one Eye 16. daies and could not open her Eye by any meanes, and after the King had touched her, her Eye opened and she saw immediatly, with a clear and perfect sight. This was about the seventh of October.

3. *Elizabeth Gage* of *Southampton* (being 3 yeares of age) was exceeding lame, and in great paine, she came to his Majesty, and he touched her, whereby (through Gods blessing) she was presently cured.

4. *Joane Mathewes*, aged 15. yeares, a Braziers Daughter one *William Mathewes*, dwelling in *Newport* in the Isle of *Wight*, she had been long time painefully lame, and had been at the *Bathe*, and used many medicines in vaine; she came to the King on Thursday the 19. of October, He touch't her, and she had present ease, and every day shee goes better then other: myselfe saw her and spake with her, and I left her able to go reasonable well.

5. A Souldier in *Calshot* Castle in *Hampshire*, had 2. sore sores in his thighes, to which he did frequently apply medicines which eased him, but cured him not: This man

went to the Iſland to His Majeſty, who did touch him, and he did after that uſe his former medicines, which were wont to give him eaſe, but then the ſaid application did moſt grievouſly vex and torment him; ſo that he was perſwaded to forbeare to uſe the ſaid oyles, Emplaſters, and Unguents, and then he was ſuddenly cured.

6. Miſtreſſe *Elizabeth Paine* of *Briſtoll* was blinde, and ſuch a Rhewmatick defluxion did dayly fall from her eyes, which did wet two or three large hancherchiefes every day; ſhe came to the King on Sunday laſt, the 5. of this November, His Majeſty did touch her eyes, the Rhewme ceaſed; ſo that ſhe went away preſently with a cleere and perfect ſight; and two houres after ſhe came to the King againe, and gave him thanks upon her knees; His Majeſty bade her give thanks to God; ſo ſhe with giving God praiſe, and prayers for the King, went from the Iſland to *Briſtoll* with exceeding joy for her recovery.

7. *Margaret Heyden*, aged 73. yeares, dwelling in *Newport* in *Chayne* lane, was not able to ſtir but as ſhe was lifted from bed to chaire, and from chaire to bed, touched by His Majeſty, and cured, ſo that with one crutch ſhe did goe about her houſe, and drew 5 or 6. pots of Ale for me, and my company.

Theſe things (me thinkes) ſhould move the mindes of ſome unmannerly Levellers to eſteeme his Majeſty as one that is not to be ranked or filed with common men.

Concerning any Newes of buſineſſe at the Treaty, there is ſo much made of it at *London*, that there is little (or none at all) at the Court; this is certaine, that from the 21. of *October*, till the firſt of *November*, (being 11. dayes) there was no debating or treating at all: for Sir *Peter Killegrew* was all that time from the Iſland to the Parliament at *Weſtminſter*, and till his returne with Orders and Directions, all things were ſilent, however the London Mercuries, and Moderate Occurrances did not faile to ſet forth newes (of their owne making) every weeke.

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All that I can relate, is, that Sir *Peter* came to the King on Tuesday night, the last of *October*, and the next day (being the *quondam* All Saints) His Majesty, with the Commissioners began to Treate, where it was agreed that the Presbyterian Governement in the Church should continue three yeares, that the Booke of Common Prayer should be discontinued, and not used publickly: That no Masse should be tollerated to be sayd in the Kingdomes of *England* and *Ireland*, or in the Principallity of *Wales*: These matters of high consequence being concluded and agreed, there is great hope of speedy restauration of His Majesty to His just Rights, and a blessed peace for the Church, people, and Kingdomes.

I came from the Island on Tuesday the 7. of *November*, and landed at a place called Hell Head, from thence I came 3 miles to *Titchfield*, on Wednesday I came 4 miles to *Wickham*, Thursday to *Warnford*, (7. miles) Fryday I footed it 17. miles to *Alton*, and to *Farnham*, Saturday to *Guilford*, and to *Cobham* 18. miles, and Sunday 6 miles to *Kingston*, and on Munday the 13. of *November*, I came to *London* 10. Miles.

And as I have written, merrily, truely, and impartially; so I must conclude accordingly without flattery, concerning the *Governour* of the Isle of *Wight*, Colonel *Hammond*: the plaine truth is, that my selfe (with many others) did hate him so much, that he was very seldome or never prayed for; the reasons and motives which possest most men with this mistaking and misapplyed inveterate malice, was upon the flying, lying reports, that the *Governour* had behaved himselfe most ccuntsly ridged, and barbarously unrespective to His Majesty: The false weekely Pamphlets and Pamphleteers (being inspired by their Father the Divell) were not ashamed to publish in print, that the Governour had proceeded so far in incivility, as to immure or wall His Majesty in a small close roome, under many bolts, bars, grates, locks and keyes, and debarred Him the comforts of His

ſonle, and of the ſcociety of men; and further it was often printed (by ſeverall lying Villaines) that the ſayd Governour *Hammond*, did ſtrike the King on the face, and gave Him a black eye: Theſe reports being invented by the Devills Imps (the firebrands of contention) printed and publiſhed by needy, greedy Knaves and Varlets, and believed by too many Fooles and fooliſh Gotehamiſts (amongſt which number, I with much ſimplicity was one;) and as by Oath and duty I am bound to ſerve, love, and honour my Soveraigne Lord and Maſter; ſo (on the contrary) my ſelfe with all true and Loyall Subjects had no cauſe to be well affected to any man that ſhould dare to affront His Majeſty with ſuch tranſcendent baſe indignities.

But to give the world ſatisfaction of the truth; it is certaine that all thoſe aſperſions and rumours againſt the Governour, are moſt odious, ſcandalous, and malicious lies: for (according to the truſt repoſed in him) he hath alwayes carried him ſelfe with ſuch deportment, and humbleneſſe of dutifull ſervice to His Majeſty, that he hath gained much love and favour from his Soveraigne, and ſuch good regard from all knowing men, as belongs to a Gentleman of his place and Quallity.

And therefore Reader underſtand and note,
Who ever ſayes I lye, he lies in's throate.

Bleſt Englands joy (the King) will come er'e long.
Praiſe God, make Bonefires, ſwing the Bells, ding doug.
And let him never beare a Chriſtians name,
Whoſe trade and pleaſure is in blood and flame
Of his deare Countrey, and rip, rend, and teare
His Mothers Womb, that ſuch a brat did beare.

FINIS.